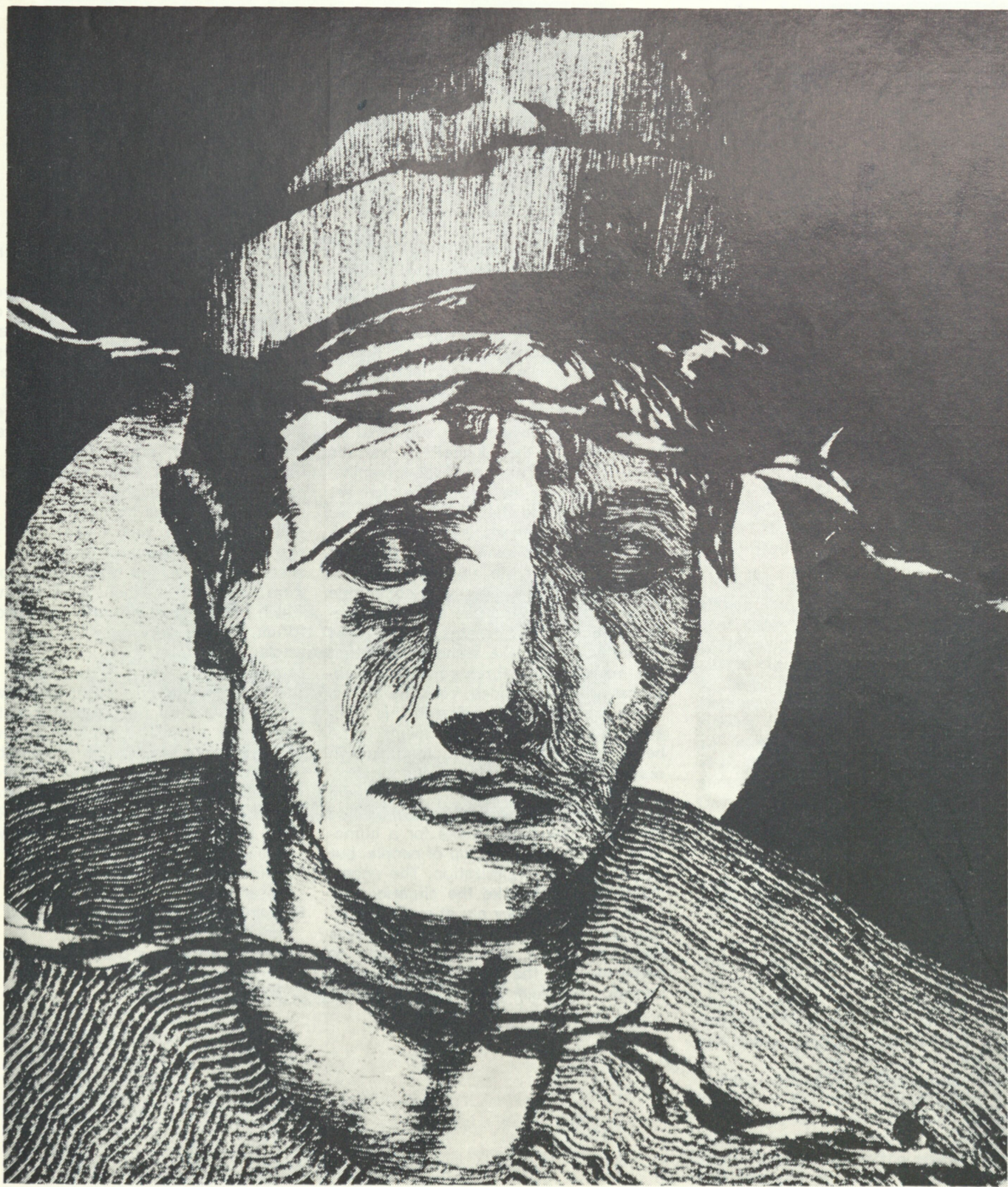
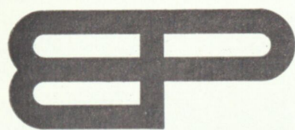






BLOCKPRINT

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EDITORIAL

"The effectiveness of the Student Council has been going downhill steadily since the year began. This is largely due to the fact that there is usually no quorum present and most meetings are turned into informal discussions during which nothing can be voted upon.

"The number required for a quorum is now based on the total number of representatives which are supposed to be elected to the Council by various classes, clubs, and student organizations. This year, the full number has yet to be elected, so that the total number of existing members is below normal, but the quorum remains the same. It would seem that the quorum should be adjusted or the election committee should get busy and see that all representatives and alternates are elected promptly. There is a standing rule that any member with three consecutive absences will be dropped from the roster. There are more than a few in this category . . . (though nothing seems to be being done about it). For some unknown reason, the freshmen take Council representatives as a big joke and often deem to elect the class clown or a radical to the post. This might make for a humorous or wild-looking group of people, but not for a good organization. The upper-classmen hardly take the situation any more seriously. They are at meetings occasionally, whenever the spirit moves them, and they usually take time to catch up on the latest gossip or to snooze. The lack of the presence of

these latter members is the main reason for the lack of a quorum.

"The first few meetings of a group early in the year are apt to be a bit disjointed and disorderly, but this type of thing cannot be excused at the beginning of March. Another deterrent to easy functioning is the fact that there is no faculty advisor to the Council this year. There are now before the Council several matters of prime importance to many people, but when the matter of approval was brought up at the last meeting, there was no quorum."

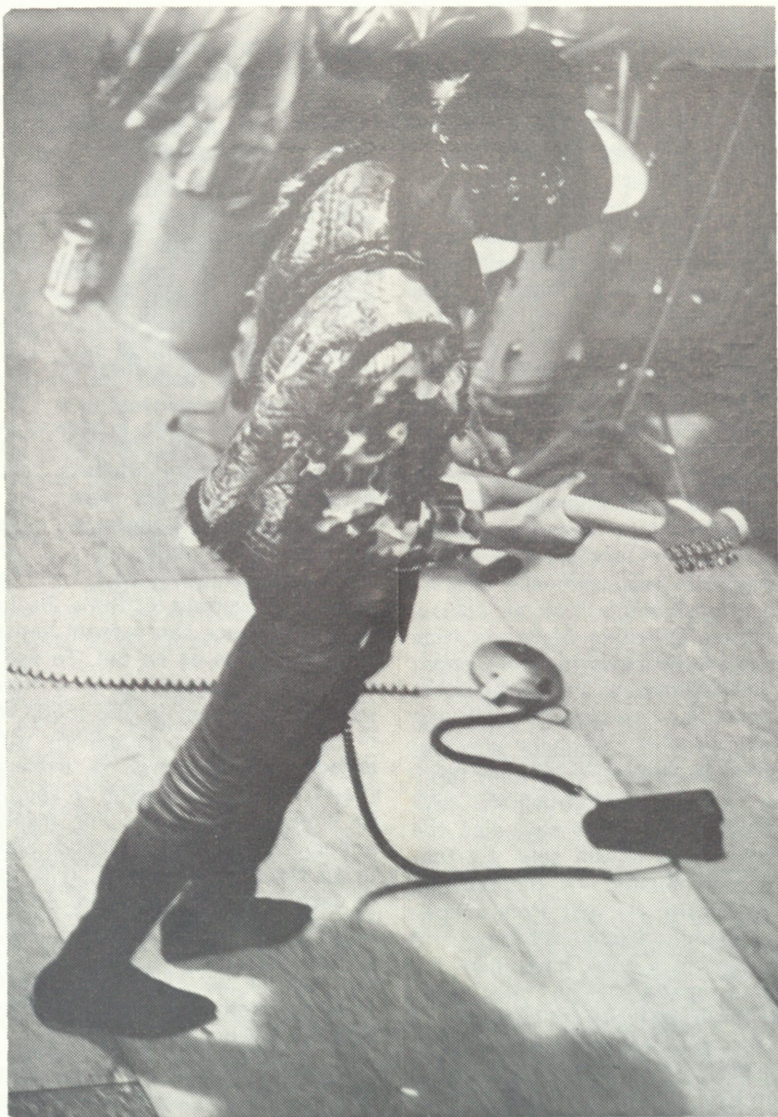
This editorial was taken from the March 9, 1959 issue of Blockprint. The seeds of the vacuum which exists today were being sown then, and the vine which resulted has all but killed our only forum. The representatives, on the whole, are non-existent. (There are approximately 31 representatives to the Council now, and only 15 or so show up for meetings. By the present constitution, there are to be 51 representatives. Thus, a quorum would be 38 members present. The officers are non-existent. The body as a whole is non-existent. THIS CANNOT BE SLOUGHED OVER!

This body handles \$40,000 of your money.

Shouldn't we have legally elected representation?

Shouldn't we have legally elected officers?

Shouldn't we have a body of some more substance and value than the one now in existence?



HENDRIX:

EXPLODING EXPERIENCE

Last Friday night thousands of Teeny-Bops, Stewed, Preps, Plastic Hippies and even assorted ardent Hendrix fans turned out and turned on as the Jimi Hendrix Experience exploded in Brown's Marvel Auditorium. Exploded is an understatement, as the group used 14 amplifiers turned up to full volume that literally seared the ear drums of all present. Unfortunately, as often as not, the music drowned out Hendrix's droning and wailing. Aside from that, the acoustics at Marvel Auditorium are nothing to be marveled over, though no one seemed to be too upset.

The Blockprint regiment elbowed their way through to the dressing room where we remained through the show-acting as bouncers. Hendrix and his troupe all arrived exhausted, Hendrix was zonked out and spent the first half of the show lying flat on his back on a wooden table — apparently dead to the world. The other two gobbled Kelly's hot dogs, hamburgers, french fries and cokes waiting quietly for the Soft Machine to finish their rather mediocre act.

Finally, almost 45 minutes after they should have been on stage, Hendrix and cohorts tumbled in front of the crowd and the sleepy, lethargic forms shook the stage and everyone around it. Some of their own work was Fire, Depression, Purple Haze, and an electrifying jaunt on Foxey Lady. They did an intense version of Wild Thing and also, just rambled on instrumentally in somewhat the same vein as the Velvet Underground did last spring. Only Hendrix had it down pat and it really came across.

There was supposed to be a light show, but it fell through when the apparatus was kicked over in a drunken mele'. The way-out garb worn by the group more than compensated for the lack of light, and Hendrix's usual lewd antics with his guitar, which was as usual smashed by the end of the performance in a perverted Johnny Carson golf swing. Well, I guess he can afford it.

After the show, the group wearily loaded up for the return trip to New York, leaving the ear-sore, eye-sore throngs still humming and stomping around and recalling the wall of sound that dropped on them during the evening.

Bob Adamcik

COFFIN OPEN

Reverend William Sloane Coffin spent a long strenuous day in Providence on Wednesday, March 13. He arrived at the Brown Daily Herald conference room in Meehan Auditorium shortly before 11:00 a.m. for a press conference. It was the only time during the course of the day where he was forced to address an audience which he knew did not necessarily sympathize with his views. It was a trying session in which he had to restrict his comments to basics: the reasons for his actions and beliefs, etc.

He arrived looking very unlike the image one might have of a typical chaplain at Yale. His hair met the top of his ears and was chick just a little bit above his collar. He wore a blue velour with a zipper neck, open, as a sweater. His first comment was that if he was going to be on television, he'd better put on his television suit. He exchanged the velour for a jacket, and midst the blinding lights, whirl-ring cameras and piles and piles of wires, tape recorders wrapped around tweed suits with bodies in them, he responded to the inquiries of the Providence press.

Thereafter, he assumed that he was more at home. At the convocation in the same auditorium, there was standing room only, and chaplain Coffin was again among students. Once he began speaking, one forgot that his feet felt like they were stuck to the ice of the rink below. Rev. Coffin claimed that the only reason why he was welcomed with a standing ovation was because people had to get their circulation moving again. It was cold in there. Nonetheless, I have never seen such a large audience so moved. Perhaps I have never seen a speaker so moving. He did not try to convince his audience of the righteousness of his beliefs; he assumed the stu-

dents and faculty present were already aware of his views and his reasons for them, much in the same manner as he did later on here at RISD. Reverend Coffin's liveliness and ability as a speaker are rare qualities.

There was a peace vigil following the convocation. It was the only time during the day when those who had heard chaplain Coffin were silent. Several hundred persons — I am poor at guessing numbers — were present.

There was a luncheon. Following the luncheon was a question and answer period in Sayles Hall, where the more personal contact with the students gave the chaplain the opportunity to speak more casually, and I would assume, more naturally — he was wearing the velour again — for he displayed incredible energy. He hung over the podium and had the students out of control with laughter; He flung his arms wide and displayed the powerful seriousness of what he had to say, and on he went.

An hour later, he was at Memorial hall, speaking to a complete different audience. Those of you who were there know the nature and controversial relevance of what he had to say, also the ability with which it was said. By that time I was exhausted — mentally as well as physically — just from following the chaplain around all day, and Reverend Coffin would have had my complete sympathy if he had never made it through the session here at RISD.

I have been amazed at the indefatigable energy of this remarkable man. If his reasoning can be considered radical in light of present political conditions, certainly his presentation and logic is not. He communicates to everyone. His argument is clear and very thoroughly

thought out. Opposing views would have to undergo thorough analysis and complete logical clarification before they could stand up against Reverend Coffin's arguments.

I can't recall a day in my life more stimulating. While listening to the speech in Memorial Hall, I thought it a shame that all the students present there had not been present earlier at Brown. Though ideas and analogies were repeated, they were all new, and I personally, could listen for another 364 days before I grew tired of it.

My respect for Reverend Coffin is based on the rare intellect behind his presentation and his view. The prejudice, bigotry and ignorance I have heard so much of on both sides of the war issue is completely wiped out when a man of Reverend Coffin's background and intelligence can present himself and his statements as he did. To use a horrible, trite phrase, it is a breath of fresh air bubbled in the mud. Whether or not one agrees completely with Reverend Coffin's views is irrelevant to the fact that it is a relief to see his kind of energy, willingness for involvement and sacrifice, and intelligence expressed in an issue such as this. It is the kind of encouragement we need. Anyone who missed the visit by Reverend Coffin did indeed miss something, and those of you who did not should have seen more of him, whether or not you agree with him. He is good for the mind.

My own deepest personal thanks are extended to the chaplain who was willing to leave his children without a daddy to play checkers with that evening and come here instead to face a completely exhausting and trying day on li'l ole College Hill.

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"Black man! What the hell are you doing in Vietnam?" the statement was strong and imperious, and its very loudness gravitated instant attention to the speaker, Dana Chandler. Mr. Chandler, a black artist from Roxbury, Massachusetts, held sway for the next 45 minutes, holding forth on the relationship of the black community vs. Vietnam and white racism. The scene was a packed Mem. Hall on March 17, and the occasion was a Black Power teach-in sponsored by the RISD Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

Three speakers were scheduled — Mr. Chandler; Heywood Burns, a civil rights lawyer from New York City; and Barry Gaither, a Brown grad student who worked on SNCC projects in the South. Mr. Gaither was unable to appear due to the weather (snow) but Mr. Burns and Mr. Chandler carried out the evening with style, verve, and a bit of argument.

Mr. Burns spoke first, giving his definition of Black Power in four points: Black Power encompasses a political program to upgrade the self-image of the black man, greater economic autonomy in society (using a collective system — stores, farms, etc.), political self-determination (voting, schools, housing, etc.), and self defense — alternative ways of protection that seem to have been denied black men.

Mr. Burns then went on to discuss the evolution of the concept of Black Power. "Civil rights used to be non-violent, direct action — picketing, sit-ins, and demonstrations took the place of the traditional ballot box . . . It was a moral challenge, daring Americans to be Americans, daring them to live up to the ideals of Jeffersonian democracy . . . it shattered stereotypes of the happy but

violent Negro, making people realize that he was not happy nor violent . . . but the majority of Americans did not react, and so . . . the old concept of civil rights died. It was easy to face Jim Crow in the South, but harder to fight James Crow, Esq. in the North with . . . its overt, subtle racism. In the South, human dignity was at stake. In the North, the fight was for jobs, housing, etc. The collapse of the "old" civil rights led to Black Power in 1964. While "old" civil rights was basically supplication, Black Power demands on the basis of power."

In conclusion, Mr. Burns conceded some dangers in Black Power: sloganeering, rhetoric for analysis, hysterical reactions of society.

Then Mr. Chandler spoke, and his impassioned, fiery lecture was in direct contrast to Mr. Burns' factual information. Mr. Chandler began by welcoming his "black brothers and sisters", pointedly not welcoming the white audience. He then proceeded to castigate white society for the inequities in the system. He hit the white phobia of rampant Negroes in the street, saying that black Americans were interested in power as defined and outlined by Mr. Burns, and not interested in rioting *per se*. He deplored the black American's (and America's) involvement in Vietnam, saying "My battle is at home"; seeing our involvement as an example of America's savior complex, one that he did not think highly of. Mr. Chandler also came down hard on the police in his talk and in his paintings, but he laid the blame for police behavior at the foot of the white community. His paintings were simple statements on white racism in America today that wove nothing to subtlety — background American flags

were painted red, yellow, and blue, the yellow signifying white society's cowardice in its relations with the black community.

He expressed exasperation with the question "Why do they riot?", maintaining that it was insult to dignity that made the ghettos riot, adding that unfortunately all indications pointed to greater unrest this summer. In summing up, Mr. Chandler didn't "dig" our involvement in Vietnam, he didn't "dig" having white feet on his neck as white feet were on his brother's necks for 400 years, and he didn't "dig" having to stand on stage and have to tell "Whitey" what's happening.

An energetic question and answer period followed, highlighted by the yelling argument between Mr. Chandler, one of his "brothers" in the audience and a RISD student.

Mr. Chandler came on strong; as a black man and artist he could do no other. Mr. Burns was the epitome of the lawyer with his slow, careful manner. Both techniques were valid — they made some of the white audience uncomfortable. But as Mr. Chandler said, "Dig it, baby". The truth shall set you free . . .

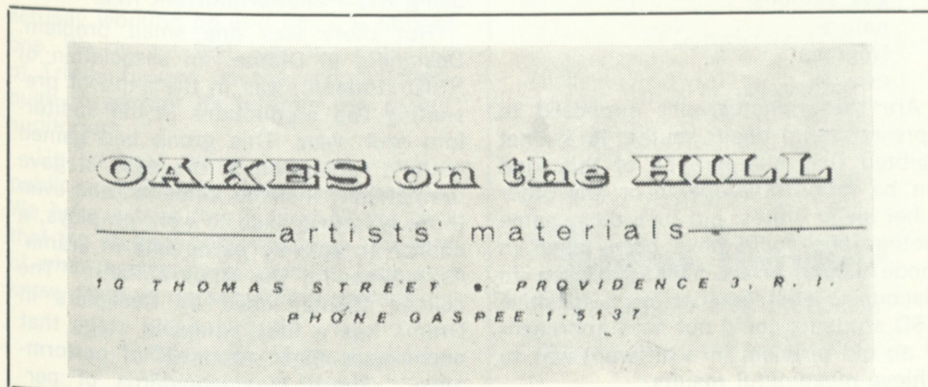
Gerald Del Monte

Segouros at Tonoff: Opening

On Peck and Pine Streets, lying in wait under the placid plaster sign, lies the Tonoff Gallery. It's an incredibly small space, about the size of room 412 in the College Building. On Sunday, March 10, its white walls were filled with the drawings of a RISD instructor, Thomas Segouros. Mr. Segouros, an instructor in Drawing, resided on the Greek island of Hydra last February and March during a grecian stay of 7 months.

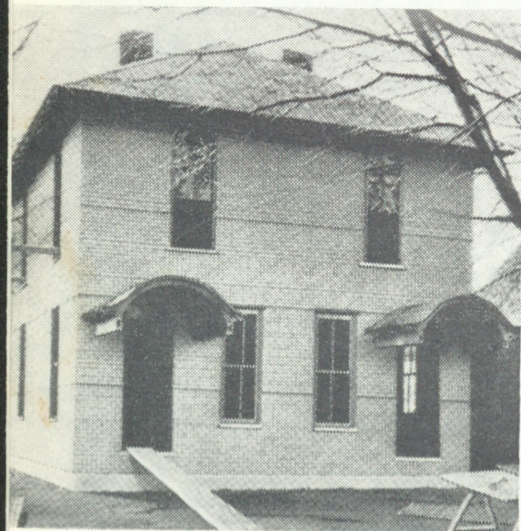
The drawings that were exhibited were only a third of his total work there, which included oils. Mr. Segouros does interesting things with his white areas via the surrounding contrast. His structure is impeccable; there are invisible grids tying the parts into an integral whole in every drawing, even in the subtle "Elvira on the Island" series. Mr. Segouros said that he hoped his drawings reflected what he was trying to teach, and this reviewer agrees. Go see the Segouros show at the Tonoff gallery — its well worth the effort.

— Gerald Del Monte



A WRITER'S CABIN IN THE SKY?

THE AVAILABILITY OF THE A



No, but you're very close. Actually it's the latest creative output of the always ingenious Senior Architects. And if you are amazed by this profound visual testimony to creative talent, take heart and remember that the aim is quality not quantity. This is but one of the many fine architectural statements to be laid by the fourth year architects since they became involved in the critical issues of our contemporary society. This involvement began after the sophomore year, a period literally reeking of balderdash and trivia. Somehow that group has been able to overcome such an unfortunate beginning and move rapidly towards solving many of our current urban ills. Providence has been the benefactor of this creative explosion, which includes the rehabilitated home in So. Prov. pictured above. It is truly unfortunate that these talented individuals must remain shackled in the miscellaneous steel and iron of RISD for another year, while they could be "out there" tackling the world's air pollution. The world lucks out again.

IN THE HEART OF DIXIE

Once again the modern young photographers have fallen back upon the old clichés of photography and have given us the worn out pictures of yesteryear. Case in point—the exhibit of photographs taken in Alabama by Jim Dow, MacDonald, and Robert Richfield.

After spending three weeks in Alabama the resulting photographs are a disappointment. the pictures shown are of:

- Negroes
- old houses
- gas stations
- nature
- Negroes
- etc.

Are these photographs supposed to represent the deep south? It is not doubted that photographs of this kind can be found in Alabama or any other of her sister states; but then these same photographs could have been taken in Rhode Island, New York, or even in Wisconsin. It is sad that three sensitive RISD students could not have approached an old problem in a different way to achieve meaningful results.

Dear Sir:

It is probably common knowledge among RISD students by this time that there is a professional theater group, the Trinity Square Repertory Theatre, using the RISD auditorium facilities for a number of their productions each year. Perhaps some of the students even realize that the company pays RISD rent for the building. The advantages of this situation are obvious. It is a definite asset to have a professional acting company on campus, providing the school with top-rate drama. Fine.

Some students may realize also that the caliber of student productions in the past few years hasn't been in keeping with the superior quality that came from the school's drama group in the past. Certainly, there couldn't be any connection between these two phenomena. There could.

Trinity Square, in order to operate on the professional level it has for the past two years, receives a government grant financing their productions, on the condition that they present a certain number of shows for the high school students of Rhode Island. The fewer shows they put on, the less money they get. This meant that the Trinity Square Theatre a small building incapable of holding large crowds of people, was inadequate. The company was in need of a larger theater, centrally located, so they could present four shows for the high school students. Of the many available buildings, the RISD auditorium was selected. True, the company does pay rent for the building, but, we have heard from an unofficial source, RISD agreed to pay the electricity bill for the rehearsals and shows, which, in many cases, almost equals the price of rent. In other words, the company is using RISD auditorium rent free.

But there was one small problem. Designers in Drama, an association of RISD students, was in the habit of presenting two productions in the auditorium each year. This group had gained quite a reputation in the past. It gave dramatically inclined students, and even those who just liked to work on plays, a chance to actively participate in drama. As outlined in the RISD bulletin: "The college theater used by Designers in Drama has a fully equipped stage that encourages high standards of performance." These high standards of per-

AUDITORIUM NEXT YEAR

formance and professionally spirited productions have been less than professional in the last two years. The student body has become less and less interested in these productions. Why?

Because, in order for Trinity Square to present four productions for all the high school students in Rhode Island last year, the company had to use the auditorium for a length of time that left the RISD group only two weeks before each of their two productions. It is technically impossible to produce a good play with only two weeks on the stage, because those two weeks must include, besides rehearsals and performance, the construction and painting of sets. For this reason, six weeks is usually considered a reasonable amount of time to prepare a show. This year, the length of time was increased to three, including production night, but the first production still worked under a handicap and suffered because of it.

But because of this concession for the RISD students, Trinity had to cut its number of productions in our auditorium to four, and that meant a twenty-five per cent cut from their government grant.

The situation at present is unfair. But the situation proposed for next year is absurd. In order to regain their entire government grant, Trinity Square is making plans to use the theater exclusively next year, thus barring use by RISD students completely. This would mean that Designers in Drama would have to look elsewhere for a stage, while a group that has no affiliations with the school is using the school's facilities practically rent-free. These Trinity Square productions are available to RISD students, but we still must pay to see them, and there is a tremendous difference in watching a production than actually working on and being a part of one. We do not feel that the influence of Trinity Square on the school is enough to warrant its fulltime use of our auditorium.

Up to now, there has not been a public protest made about this situation. We believe that this is due to the fact that the student body has been unaware of what is actually happening. Now you know. Help us do something about it.

Clark Brittain
Chairman of the Executive
Designers in Drama

A few years ago President Bush-Brown was instrumental in the procurement of a government subsidy for the Trinity Square Players, and persuaded them, without faculty consultation, to lease our theatre for their plays. The interests of the school may have been a factor in so far as it would credit RISD to have a professional theatre group on campus. But what was overlooked, or possibly unforeseeable, was the fact that this would lead to the destruction of our own group limiting our own productions to off-campus theatres. The plan is not feasible because it presents the problem of students having to go across town for rehearsals, and students not being able to drop in, in between classes to help work on the sets, help which is needed to complete them in time. The plan is also ludicrous in that with our own theatre, a group such as Designers in Drama, is being strangled out of existence. Discussion among involved members of the administration is now being held, and if Trinity is victor, action will be a necessity. Perhaps with our realization of the situation will come its remedy.

Susan Hoeker



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SUMMER STUDY

New York, March 11 — the nineteenth annual edition of *Summer Study Abroad* is available today from the Institute of International Education.

IIE's popular guide to summer programs abroad sponsored by foreign institutions indicates an increase in the number of courses of interest to United States students for 1968. There are more than 200 courses at educational institutions in 30 countries listed. Most courses are in Europe at such universities as Grenoble, Paris, Freiburg, Heidelberg, Madrid, Edinburgh, and other major institutions. There are more than a dozen programs in Mexico and others in Peru, Israel, Turkey, and Japan.

One section of the guide included a reference list of courses offered in such specialized fields of study as archeology, architecture, law, and music.

Another special section provides information especially designed for teenagers who wish to study abroad this summer.

A brief bibliography at the back of the booklet lists publications providing additional information about summer courses in specific countries or regions, other types of summer opportunities such as international service projects and work camps, special programs for teenagers, educational tours sponsored by U. S. educational and travel organizations and summer study programs sponsored by U. S. colleges.

Summer Study Abroad 1968 is available from the Publications Division of the Institute of International Education, 809 United Nations Plaza, New York, New York 10017, for 40¢ a single copy; 10-19 copies, 35¢; 20-49 copies, 30¢; 50 copies or more, 20¢. (Payment must accompany orders.)

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7 DAYS A WEEK

FISH FRY

Country Joe and the Fish finished their two-day engagement at the Psychedelic Supermarket on Saturday, March 9. I caught their first set that night and was slightly disappointed. They played well, but there seemed to be a hesitation or a restraint of the factor that makes the differences between a good concert and a great one. Possibly, it was because their drummer, Chicken Hirsh, was sick and the drummer from the Colwell-Winfield Blues Band was filling in for him. (Incidentally, he did a good job.)

I talked with Barry Melton between sets and asked him how they had gotten together:

Melton: We just sort of ran into each other. We started playing in the October Peace March in Berkeley in 1965. Then, about 6 months later, we became an electric band, and started working the San Francisco Bay area. We signed with Vanguard in January '67, and began making records.

BP: What do you think of the Boston Sound; groups like the Ultimate Spinach, Beacon St. Union, Orpheus . . . ?

Melton: The Spinach swiped one of our songs.

BP: Ian Bruce Douglas, of the Spin-

ach, says that it was based on a theme by a French composer, Eric Settee.

Melton: I never heard of the guy, but for them to write a whole piece that sounds just like one of ours . . . I still say they swiped it.

BP: What about the Boston Sound, though?

Melton: There really isn't such a thing. It was created by the record companies as a promotional gimmick, same as the San Francisco Sound. It's all a promotional gimmick. None of the bands out there sound like each other.

There's not even a Boston scene like San Francisco. Here in Boston, how many places are there to go to on any given night? Only about four or five. But in San Francisco, there's maybe twenty or so. I'm not even sure how many there are.

BP: How do you feel about the East Coast as a whole?

Melton: The people seem all jammed together. It's dirtier; the streets are dirty, a lot of the buildings are dirty and run down, the air's dirty. The people don't seem as healthy, but they aren't much different.

I feel more uncomfortable walking down the street here, or anywhere other

than home, really. Like, at home, everybody's got long hair; you (personally) look like everybody between 15 and 20.

BP: What influences or inspires your song writing?

Melton: Personally, I'm influenced by the blues. The group is influenced by a lot of things: people, other music, a person we meet, a specific reason, like we're against the war.

BP: What do you think of the blues today?

Melton: The blues is tired. You can play a song and it can be good, and you can do good things to it, but it still sounds all the same. People should experiment with new forms. And you have to know exactly what you're doing if you want to do anything, because, like, some cats have been playing it for 40 years and are still making \$50 a week.

BP: Is there another record in the near future?

Melton: Yeah, we're almost through recording our third album. It should be out in late May or early June.

BP: Where do you go after Boston?

Melton: Back to New York to finish recording and then back to the West Coast.



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DEAR CHICKENHEARTS

Dear Chickenhearts,

While recently convalescing in my Mediterranean hideway, I was lucky enough to be present at the coronation of world renounced Prince of Tzamia. If it is at all possible, dear Chickenhearts, could you tell me why it is that the Prince, at such coronations, insists upon having his carriage decorated with the gold lame panties of his queen-to-be? Is this a tradition, or simply a private joke?

Currier and Ives

Dear C.I.A.:

I am amazed; I, though at a loss for words momentarily, will collect such wits that have I and rebuttal.

How can this be? I was sure that a country as noble as Tzania, a royal heritage as have they, would show more taste than to exhibit the Queen's gold lame panties on the coronation wagon. Everyone knows that only silver lame is to be used on such occasions.

Dear Chickenhearts,

Please help! Do whatever possible as I am desperate ! ! ! You see, it's like this: I can't stand rice, and these con founded people insist that it be the only food that crosses my lips. I can't stand the stuff; It makes me broak out. Besides, I can't see sleeping on the floor and positively hat such short furniture. What am I to do? Help

Amelia Erhart.

Dearest Amelia:

Have you ever considered getting your pilots license and secretly escaping in the night?

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Although few of us know it, here at RISD we have one of the finest foundries in the country. This view was expressed by Assistant Professor of Sculpture Thomas Morin after he recently made an extensive tour of some seventeen schools from coast to coast.

Professor Morin himself designed the foundry, supervised its construction and raised the funds necessary to make his dream become a reality. Though some professional help was secured for the construction, students, along with Mr. Morin, did as much of the work as possible, for he feels that a student should become familiar with as many phases of sculpture as possible.

Located on the first floor of the Architecture Building, its facilities combine brightly colored industrial equipment with traditional and contemporary casting techniques which, provides the student with the opportunity of experimenting with new types of casting. These facilities include a tilt furnace with capacity to melt 900 pounds of bronze, or 1,000 pounds of iron; a crucible

furnace with a melting capacity of 450 pounds of bronze; a small gas-fired furnace to melt silver; a 50 pound electric arc furnace for steel; a 20-ton-an-hour capacity screen-o-lator for reconditioning foundry sand; four one-ton electric bridge cranes that run on rails hung from the ceiling; a forced-air coke-fired forge; drill-presses, band-saws, pneumatic tools powered by a new air-compressor, sheet metal fabricating equipment, numerous hand tools, ladles, tongs, etc. Ventilation is provided from each piece of heat-producing equipment, and an air return system changes the air in the foundry every three minutes.

This is obviously a complex mesh of technical machinery over which a great deal of safety precaution must be taken. Professor Morin is aided in this by Graduate Assistant Mike Bigger and Technical Assistant Carlos Ramos. Each student must be taught thoroughly in the use and dangers of the machinery and this usage is open to graduates, seniors, juniors, sophomores, faculty

and alumni, but this is available only on a specific schedule and the availability of instructors.

The new foundry represents another triumph for RISD and a big step in fulfilling the dream of every artist for conveniently being able to carry his creation to full completion. We thank Professor Morin for making this dream a reality.

Chris Santos

(No offense to Mr. Morin, for even an artist's paradise is bound to have a few bugs. For instance, the outside crane that falls a little short of the door, and the ceiling which seems to have begun cracking under the weight of the four one-ton electric bridge cranes.)

—Editors

PARENT'S DAY
IS APRIL 20th.
SAVE IT!

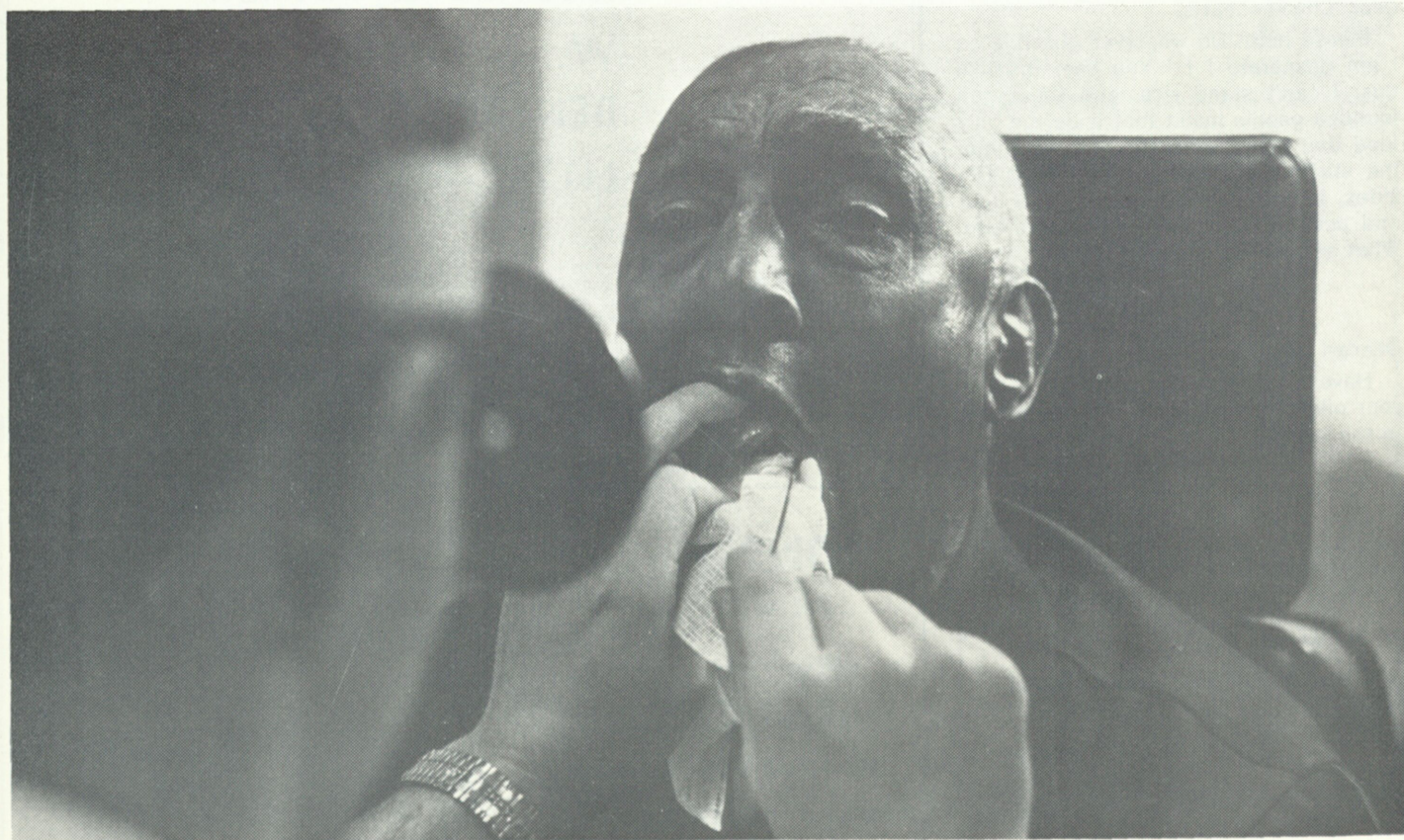


Photo by Julie Parks

CALENDAR

MONDAY, MARCH 26

7:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. —Sailing Club Meeting

TUESDAY, MARCH 26.

12:30 p.m. Gym — Dance Class

3:00 to

6:00 p.m. CB 430-432 — Sound Workshop

7:30 p.m. Nickerson Study Lg. — Dorm. Council Meeting

8:30 p.m. RISD Audi. — Chamber Music concert. Fine Arts Quartet.

9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27

7:30 p.m. Newman Club — C.B. Student Lounge

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

6:00 p.m. Boys' Club. — Swimming

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall. — Film: "Mon Oncle"

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

9:30 a.m. CB 425. Recruiting: Western Publ. Co.

7:30 p.m. Homer Lg. — Informal Discussion sponsored by the Chaplain's Committee

8:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — sign up at SAO

9:00 p.m. Refectory — Motorcycle Club Dance

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

9:00 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Mem. Hall. — Sailing Club: Movies: Laurel and Hardy, Our Gang Comedies

SUNDAY, MARCH 31:

7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass.

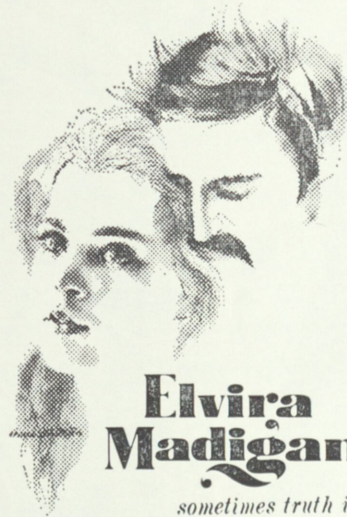
POETRY READING

James Dickey will read from his poems in Memorial Hall at 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday April 2. Mr. Dickey is the winner of the National Book Award for Poetry 1966, and is presently consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress. His most recent book, "Poems 1957-1967" is available in hardback, Collier Books, New York. Louis Untermeyer, writing of it in the SATURDAY REVIEW, has said: "... I have little doubt that it will prove to be the outstanding collection of one man's poems to appear in this decade."

The reading will be sponsored by the Liberal Arts Division and will be open to the public without charge.

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Mat. Sat. 2:00

Sunday cont. from 1:30

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